MARVEL COMICS

EXILES

MARVEL PG 12

BLOOOOONK

WEAPON X

Everyone stay close...

Charming, Deadpool...

SIX STRANGERS, EACH A SUPER HERO FROM A DIFFERENT REALITY. BROUGHT TOGETHER TO ENSURE THAT LIFE AS WE KNOW IT DOESN'T CEASE TO EXIST! SABRETOOTH -- SAVAGE HERO AND LEADER; THE VISION -- CYBERNETIC MASTER OF DENSITY; HULK -- MISTRESS OF STRENGTH; THE SPIDER -- SYMBIOTIC MAN-ARACHNID; DEADPOOL -- PSYCHOTIC FUNNYMAN; AND STORM -- WEATHER GODDESS. DESTINED TO FIX THE CHAINS OF REALITY BY ANY MEANS NECESSARY, STAN LEE PRESENTS WEAPON X IN

ANOTHER ROOSTER in the HENHOUSE Part 1 of 2

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Both of you shut up. Let's see what the Tallus has to say...

[Sigh] Not a *damn thing*. Let's be patient, though. We're just *edgy* from earlier.

Why the hell would I be *edgy*, Victor? Storm and I only had to kill about *fifty Morlocks*.

While they slept.

They might have been *ugly* but they *deserved better*.

That is debatable, Spider.

Not their lack of beauty, that is...

My scanners are picking up a multitude of *lifeforms*, Sabretooth. Mostly human-- correction-- *exclusively* human.

With the exception of Weapon X, I sense no *mutant* or *advanced human* genetic signatures within a twenty-five mile radius. Perhaps they are being *masked*.

Man, I know I've said it before but-- *damn*, this dude is *useful*.

I am *so* glad Kane bought it when we scrapped with Sub-Mariner and we got *Vision* in his place.

I preferred *Matt Murdock* to you, Spider.

Quiet. Vision, what's the landscape look like? It smells like ***war*** to me. Chemicals... explosive residue... Can--

Stand ready! Energy surge! Twelve meters northeast!

Man-- I ***hate*** S.H.I.E.L.D.! And ***Captain America*** was a ***real jerk,*** as well.

God-- if he told me to *"watch that language, son"* one more time, I was gonna ***punch*** him right in the @#$% ***snoot!***

He would have ***killed*** you, Morph.

Yeah, but it would have been ***worth*** it, Sasquatch.

I don't know, I rather ***enjoyed*** the mission. As tasks go it was fairly ***painless***, almost bordering on a ***diplomatic*** mission. I just never thought I'd see the day when--

BLEEEEEEEEEENK

Okay... so who are *they*? And why does seeing them feel-- *SO* freakin' weird...

Clarice?

MISTER CREED!?

Clarice!!

CLARICE!!! HAHAHAHA!!

It's *you!?* It's *really* you?!

Ineverthought I'dseeyouagain! Youwerefightingalongside Colossuswhenhewentnutsandthen Morph, meandPietrowenttogetBeast. Beastwasgone butPietromessed withhisteleportation deviceand thenweranoutsideandeverything startedtotoppleandglowwhite, thenIgotsuckedintothisenergy holeand--

Easy, ***easy***-- just breathe, pup. You're going to hyperventilate.

I thought you were ***dead,*** Mr. Creed.

Okay... anybody want to take a stab at what the hell's *going on* here?

I take it we're looking at *Sabretooth* from Blink's reality. The man who rescued and raised her.

Really? Ya *think* so, slick--? I didn't pick that up with all the *hugging* and *laughing* and *crying*.

But what I *really* wanna know is...

...*how* do you suppose he got *here*, and *who* do you suppose he's got *with* him?

And why do I get a *woogey* feeling about them?

Yes, I'm a little woogey, too. But let's just give them a minute...

...this sort of reunion doesn't happen *every day*.

"Okay, so why *Weapon X*? I mean with *Exiles*, we were playing off our nomadic status and sort of incorporating the *X* since all of us had some affiliation with the *X-Men*...

"...oh yeah, and *Jean Grey* razzed us with it when she was trying to *kill* us. It kind of stuck."

"Well, when the team started out it was comprised *mostly* of former *Weapon X* program candidates...

"...but they *lost* a lot of their own as missions went on. Actually, they lost everyone *but* Sabretooth and Deadpool."

"Sounds *harsh*. One of our team was *killed* in our first mission and... well...

"...we had to leave one of us *behind* a few missions ago."

He got hurt and wound up in a *coma*. Then the Tallus popped *this* piece of work here to take his place.

I'm *hot*. Am I reading this climate wrong or are we in the *tropics*?

Vision says we're in *Florida*.

Good. Then I won't freeze my can off if I go *human*.

Because I'll tell you, my friends... besides the unjust turn that my life has taken by *putting* me here...

...besides the threat that the person I love most in the world will *burn* to death if I don't succeed in completing my timeline...

...I am forever without a *stitch* of clothes any and every time I revert back from being Sasquatch.

I guess today I lucked out that we're here in *Florida*... at least Florida after a drought's killed just about every decent piece of vegetation...

So what's the *shock*? That I'm a *woman*? Or that I'm *black*?

Woman.

Black.

I have *no* earthly idea who you are.

My name is *Heather Hudson.*

How's *that* for a kick in the pants? Alternate realities are a *trip*, huh?

I know, I *know*... but when I saw you with *Alpha Flight* I was taken aback And then the Tallus said we were about to *teleport away*.

It didn't seem *fair* to try and get your attention only to leave, kiddo.

And our Tallus trips are *rough*. Sounds like with your Tallus working in conjunction with your power you guys have much *easier* trips.

Every time we hop a world it feels like we're having *heart attacks*. Twice we've had team members pass out for *hours* afterwards.

But it's the *same* boat ride besides that, right? You're all under the same gun as we are. Fix the timelines or your life goes to pot.

Except that me and Mr. Creed here will *cease to exist*.

Clarice, I think it's about time you try and call me *Victor*. You're a big girl now.

I am a *very* big girl now, sir, I agree. But I'm not sure *Victor* will stick

Try.

For you, sir... *anything*...

Hey, TJ...Why not come sit with the rest of us? We're just killing time hoping the Tallus tells us why we're here.

It's *really* fascinating talking to this other group of "Exiles"... this version of Storm is only *sixteen*...

I'm fine, Mariko. You go ahead.

TJ, come on... you have to let us in

We want to help you as much as we can.

With *John*. With the *baby*.

John's gone, Mariko.

And so is the baby.

I... I lost it at the hotel the night before last.

I went to an ER... they said I was fine. I just...

. I just lost the baby.

For God's sake - *why* didn't you tell us? *We* could have taken you to the hospital-- or at *least*-- TJ-- we could have *talked*--

Just leave me alone.

What? TJ, what are you talk--

I won't just--

ALONE.

Leave me *alone.*

Fine.

We're here when you need us.

"I don't like this. I don't like *them.*"

"Hey, lady, you have *not* been around long enough to start whining about our predicament... 'sides."

...I *like* meeting up with another team. It's *hopeful.* It implies a *greater order* to this disaster we live in. Maybe there's a lot *more* of us out there

Maybe this whole thing is incredibly *common* and we'll be back in our own beds before we know it

I can agree with you on *that*... it's just that this crew makes me nervous. Have you *heard* the missions they had to complete to jump to their next worlds?

They *crippled* Doctor Strange. They threw Atlantis into *war* with the Inhumans.

They *blew up* Avengers mansion.

Laid waste to the Morlocks

They *murdered* Tony Stark.

They've gotten four team members *killed.*

They're vicious. *Ruthless.* You guys have never had to do anything *like* that.

I *know* it may have been different circumstances, but... something just feels *wrong* with them. And then there's *Sabretooth.*

What do you got against *him?* To Clarice, he's a *father.*

Yes. But in *every one* of our realities-- he's the *coldest* of killers any of us has ever seen. He's a *monster*... not a "dad".

Hey, gang! Listen up!

We just got the word. There's a job for the *whole* bunch of us!

BOOM

BOOM

BOOM

SKREEEEEEEE

CRA-KOOM

TZAACACACAC

TZAAA

Location *verified* and previously accessed schematics *confirmed*-- target is in *sector three*-- *area nine*.

Now, Clarice-- we're clustered enough in the fighting that they won't track our movements!

Another ten meters

BLINK

Let's go! *Now!!*

Is this it?

BLINK

Yes.

Son of a...

Oh god Mr. Creed... it feels just like

Yeah, pup. I'm sure it brings back some *less* than happy childhood memories.

Is the *whole camp* full of *children*?

No. Just areas *nine* through *fourteen*.

I have located the *Richards* child. Genetic or visual matches cannot be confirmed, but interfacing with the inhibitor collar *verifies*--

Get offa me!! Let *go!*

Put him *down*, you sack of bolts! He's a *little boy*, not a *specimen*.

Besides, I'm pretty sure he *hates* androids.

Okay Clarice, we've got him-- let's bolt.

I don't know, Mr. Creed...

...no... I *can't* leave it like this.

No, Clarice-- we should stick to the *mission*.

It'll be *more* than we can handle if--

I bet you didn't say that when you rescued *me*. Besides--

"...I think fate is telling me that I *owe* this."

Damn it! If you would just have *listened* to me-- Clarice, we can't run a *daycare center* up here!

We've *completed* the mission! We're *gone!* What are these children going to do out here on their own?

You mean these kids who've been raised in *adversity* and *war* their whole lives?

They'll do a damn sight better out on their *own* than in those *camps!*

BLINK!

You're getting *soft,* sir.

Shut up.

You're just ticked because I'm *right.*

Shut up.

If I'm--

Hey... are you getting this?

Yeah... the Tallus says... we're *not* done...

Damn it all to hell.

This *can't* be what it wants.

You know it is...

t! or

Oh man-- I was *just* getting into this!

CREEE-OOOOOOK

It's not every day that one gets to tear apart evil artificial lifeforms with *complete abandon.*

Wow, Sasquatch. You can really make ***butt-kicking*** sound clinical and dull!

BLINK!

Quiet, Morph.

It's time to go.

BLIIINK

Geez, who spit in *your* cocoa? We ***won,*** hotpants!

CONTINUED...